

THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE



EASTER TERM - 1926

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THE
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THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

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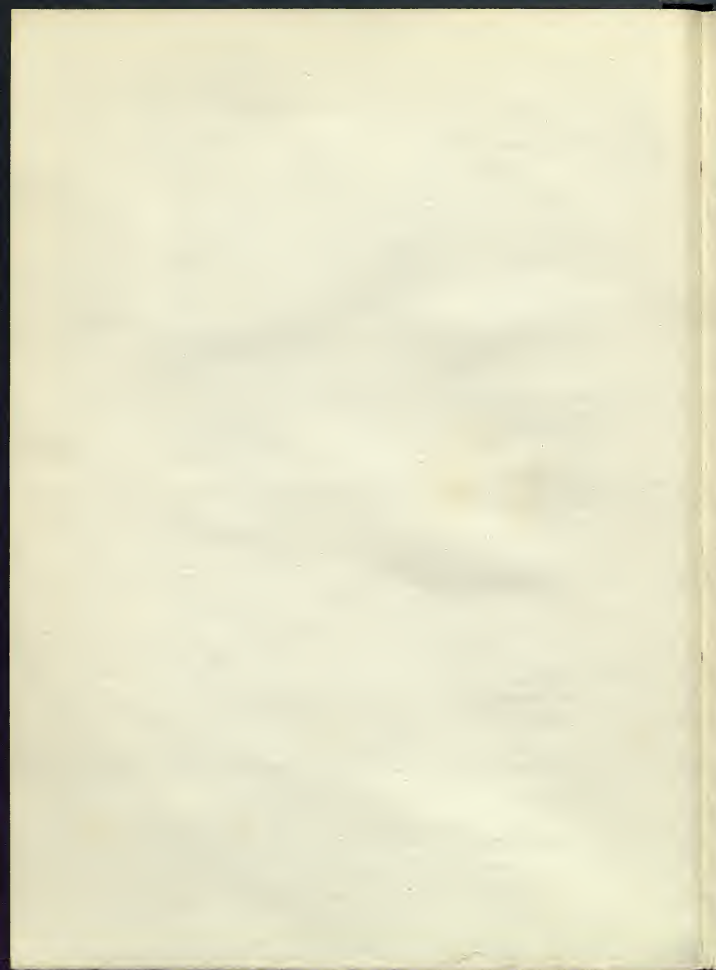
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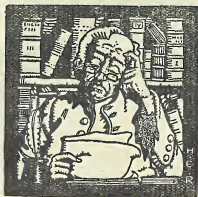
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THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

EDITORIAL.



THIS being the Spring number, the past weeks have found us in a state of continual fear of inundation by the effusions of those whose response to this season is traditionally held to be rising with the lark, stepping the light fantastic through the silvered dew, and returning to sing the praises of daffodils, lambs, crocuses, and other paraphernalia of the Spring poets' stock-in-trade. This fear, however, proved idle. Instead, we have to contend with an unusual number of minor dramatists. Unless it be the Play Reading Club, we have no suggestions to offer as to the cause of this rather wholesale conversion to the worship of Thalia or Melpomene. In

no case have we been able quite to determine which; but this emanates from one of the major defects of Hellenic thought, to which we would call the attention of those Classical devotees to whom Greek philosophy is the be all and end all of human cerebration, namely, a failure to realise that the comedy of life is its tragedy—the tragedy its eternal comedy. The Canios and Triboulets of romantic, sob-stuff, literature, are intended to illustrate the tragedy of being comic by profession: how much more tragic to be so by nature! A man slipping on a banana skin is more or less comic, because he is in a more or less tragic position: if he happens to be conspicuously rotund, his position is more tragic, and the effect therefore more comic. The Greek two-mask idea as a trademark of the dramatic and histrionic arts is founded on a misconception—one mask only, the eyes weeping, the mouth convulsed in laughter, is needed.

ANOTHER feature of the contributions for this issue is the number proceeding from scientists, whose literary accomplishments (of an order somewhat humiliating to us Artsmen) have been turned to account in the interests of this periodical. However, these same scientists have given quite enough hard words to look up, without the addition of obscure polysyllables from the Faculty of Arts. Only last term, on the authority of a shilling French dictionary (the only lexicon on which we could lay hands at the time), we assured our printer that "tranquility" was spelt with two "I's," although that gentleman did us the undeserved honour of supposing that the addition was due merely to an attempt by the printer's devil to have a little ell all of his own. And thus it stands a perpetual memorial to our monumental ignorance of the Mother tongue.

MAy we here draw attention to the rule that all contributions must be written on one side only of the paper. There are two reasons for this: primo, because the printers make such dirty finger marks on the back as to render illegible anything written there; secundo, because we always write these Editorials on the back of rejected articles.

FINALLY, feeling that the nature of some of the contents of this number may evoke opposition from some quarters, the Editor wishes to say that he is not responsible for the opinions of his contributors, still less for his own.

H. E. R.



THE INTER-VARSITY DEBATE.

THAT the Inter-Varsity debate held at U.C.S. this term was the first arranged by this College, and that, for the first time, the words of the principal speakers were broadcast rendered memorable an occasion which otherwise might have sunk rapidly into a merciful oblivion—merciful because this debate was attended or heard by thousands, to whom an appeal for half-a-million pounds for purposes of Higher Education is now being addressed. The publicity given the event was prompted, no doubt, partly by a desire to acquaint these thousands with some evidence of the fruits of this same Higher Education. If applause measured quantitatively were any indication of merit, the evening was a great success. It was—for the anti-educationalists.

IT is not that the debate failed to produce any Demosthenes or Burke, or even a Danton, that is to be deplored: such men are born rather than made, and no discredit can attach to any system that fails to make them. But that, in two hours and a half, some fifteen men and women, representing as many Universities or Colleges in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, failed to produce, singly or co-operatively, explicitly or implicitly, in support or in negation of the motion, a single argument deserving the consideration of a fraction of a second—that surely is to be more than deplored. It may be admitted forthright that the motion—"That Fanatics have contributed more to the Progress of the World than have Men of Sober Judgment"—presents obvious difficulties. One only of the speakers, after it is to be presumed weeks of thought and consideration, as much as realised this, and no attempt was made to grapple with these difficulties. As a result, the "debate" degenerated into a mere exchange of vapid opinion. Definitions of bewildering inconsistency and baffling vagueness, high hopes and pious aspirations, albeit trite and hackneyed, false facts and bland statements of opinion as universal axioms, these were the assistance towards a judgment given their audience by the speakers. Christ, Cromwell, Lenin were claimed or rejected, as fanatics by one side, as men of sober judgment by the other. No one thought it incumbent on him to argue a necessary incompatibility between fanaticism and sober judgment.

One thing only emerged clearly, a prodigious incompetency to construct a line of argument worthy of such an occasion. The first speaker, having defined Progress as motion towards the good, beautiful, and true, and a fanatic as the man who alone possesses a vision of the good, beautiful, and true, had no difficulty

in proving his contention. Such naïve ingenuity might arouse admiration in a Preparatory School debate: under the circumstances it produced a smile. Another speaker, having assured us he knew no history, except musical—in which he hinted some competency—proceeded to speak of Wagner as the disciple of Berlioz! A third, having left his notes at home, found himself on the platform “speech”-less. Southampton’s loss is Nottingham’s gain, since, apparently, all his other ideas were deposited in the same envelope.

* * *

IN conclusion, we search diligently for some redeeming feature in the mistakes of that night—and not in vain. We still owe 3/- for the Inter-Varsity Debate Dinner.

H. E. R.



BEETON IS GILBERT.

IT is an astonishing fact that, in spite of the fame and popularity of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas, the authenticity of the libretti, generally ascribed to William Schwenk Gilbert, has stood unchallenged for half-a-century.

Yet there is no shadow of doubt whatever in my mind that Gilbert wrote none of the works bearing his name. We can find little support for his being an author, beyond a few letters from landladies; he was, indeed, knighted in 1911. We do not know even that he could sign his own name, although, as Mr. T. Burble has pointed out, he may have used a typewriter. Mr. Burble also believes that he *was* the illustrator, "Bab," of "The Bab Ballads," but I have evidence refuting even this.

It is to Mrs. Isabella Beeton that we must look for their authorship. Although her well-known little classic, "The Book of Household Management," is too familiar to my readers to need description, a few words about the lady herself may not be inappropriate.

THE mother of modern cookery and the aunt of Mr. T. Burble, Miss Isabella Briskett was born at Buncombe Magna in 1828. Her father was an accountant, but it appears that she was not addicted to the culinary arts from childhood; therefore realising, as she admirably states in the first chapter of her book, that "of all those Elegant Acquirements, which most particularly belong to the Feminine Character, there are none which take a higher rank, in our Estimation, than such as pertain to a knowledge of Household Duties," she assiduously devoted herself (after her marriage, in 1852, to Benjamin Beeton) to the attainment of these virtues, and became in time a genteel cook.

Mr. Beeton died of chronic dyspepsia three years later. Gratified by her success, Mrs. Beeton composed her famous compendium during the next six years, publishing it in 1861.

Are we then to conclude that this monumental work (it contains 1,650 pages) was at once her *chef-d'œuvre* and her swan-song? No! On the contrary, I can produce definite evidence that she was already writing under the cloak of W. S. Gilbert, in whose name "The Bab Ballads" first appeared in the same year as that which saw the publication of her cookery book.

Now W. S. Gilbert was born in 1836, and turning therefore to the recipe of that number (first edition) we find:—

No. 1836. A PLAIN CHRISTMAS PUDDING FOR THE CHILDREN.

(*Very Nice.*)

Taking in order the 2nd, 7th, and last letters of the 4th word, the 1st, 5th, and 6th of the 5th word, the 2nd word, the 6th word, and the last letter of the 7th word, we have: "H.M.S. Pinafore." By the same anagrammatical method the names of the following operas disclose themselves: "Ruddigore," "Iolanthe," "Princess Ida," "The Sorcerer," "Patience," "The Gondoliers," "Utopia Limited," and "The Yeomen of the Guard."

Other remarkable cryptograms are to be found in Recipe No. 1861, and elsewhere, all indicating that

BEETON IS GILBERT.

The *pièce de résistance* is to be found, however, in "The Bab Ballads" (final 1897 edition). These, written by Mrs. Beeton, were illustrated, apparently, by her brother-in-law, Belphegor Asmodeus Beeton, as the initials show.

WRITERS of ciphers, according to Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, frequently use numbers as letters of the alphabet, thus A=1, B=2, C=3, and so on, I and J being counted as the same letter. Mrs. Beeton's name becomes, for instance :—

B E E T O N

$$2+5+5+19+14+13=58$$

Turning, therefore, to the 58th Ballad, we find, significantly enough, that this is the well-known song from "The Gondoliers" called "A Recipe," the first verse, written in the usual Beetonian style, being :—

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,
Hidden, ever and anon
In merciful eclipse—
Do not heed their mild surprise—
Having passed the Rubicon.
Take a pair of rosy lips ;
Take a figure trimly planned—
Such as admiration whets
(Be particular in this) ;
Take a tender little hand,
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,
Press it—in parenthesis ;—
Take all these, you lucky man—
Take and keep them, if you can.

Now 136 of the letters in this verse, when arranged, disclose the remarkable lines :—

I, Mrs. Beeton, not William S. Gilbert,
My "Household Management" rashly did perpetrate ;
I, though their author, "The Pirates of Penzance"
And "The Mikado" in secret perpetuate.

ONE may conclude then that

BEETON IS GILBERT,

and probably further research will demonstrate the same profound truth. In fact, the only flaw I have so far discovered lies in the fact that these comic operas were written some time after Mrs. Beeton's death.

ROOKE.



THE HOUSE OF MIRTH: A COMEDY.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This little one-act play is the latest discovery in modern Russian literature, being nothing less than a previously-unknown work of the great dramatist, Anton Tchekov. It has been identified as such by the patient researches of Prof. Paul Z. Bibliolater, who holds the Chair of European Literature at the McAbraham University, Ga. It is true that this appears to be an early work, and one of which Tchekov was not very proud, since it is unsigned, and is not referred to in any of Tchekov's known correspondence, memoranda, etc. But Prof. Bibliolater, in his 358-page pamphlet, "The New Tchekov," argues so convincingly on the ground of internal evidence, and draws so striking a parallel between this production and the eleven other plays of Tchekov's, the text of which he examines in detail, that there will be few who have not read it who will disagree with his conclusions. To my mind, every line of the play shows a penetration, a wit, a depth of understanding, a breadth of sympathy, and a height of inspiration that goes far to prove that, if it was not written by Tchekov's pen, it was written by somebody else's. As Prof. Bibliolater observes (op. cit. pp. 209-57), the possibility of borrowing must not be overlooked, nor the equally interesting alternative that it was not written with a pen at all. Even the greatest Russian dramatists use pencils occasionally.*

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: *The following is a translation from the American version made by Prof. Bibliolater. I wish to disassociate myself from the opinions expressed by the Editor in his Preface.*

SCENE: *A large hall or salon in a Hostel of the students of University College, Smolensk,* during a social evening. Numbers of students of both sexes are sitting or standing about. Through an open doorway, at the far end of the salon, can be seen another large room, in the possession of several card-parties, every member of which is grimly intent upon his or her game. The occasion is one of considerable gaiety, and a cheerful bonhomie is the prevailing spirit.*

GIRL-STUDENT (to her Neighbour): "How charming Natalye Ilitch looks, doesn't she, Ivan Konstantinevitch? One would almost think her colour real!"

IVAN (in surprise): "Isn't it real, Olga Pilitonski? I thought—But there! I have been deceived by appearances again. I am always deceived by appearances."

ANOTHER GIRL-STUDENT (to Natalye): "Are you taking Prof. Sombodievitch's courses for your History this year? I delight in ancient history—it makes modern things seem so brief, so trivial, that they're not worth worrying about. When I'm late for a nine o'clock lecture, and start hurrying, and getting flurried, I reflect: what is one hour compared with the great periods of history, with the Renaissance, for example? If I do not attend this lecture, it will make no difference six centuries hence."

NATALYE: "It won't make any difference six months hence in your Final, will it, dear Anna Stepanova? I mean, you'll come down † just the same."

A TALL STUDENT (joining them): "Good evening, Natalye Ilitch. Good evening, Anna Stepanova. You seem to have something very important to discuss."

* This is a conjecture. It is simply given as "U.C.S." in the original.—TRANS.

† Russian idiom for "to fail."—TRANS.

ANNA: "Oh, I was merely saying how brief and unimportant our little modern affairs were compared with the great epochs of history. But Natalye cannot think on the big scale; six months is the longest period her mind can cope with."

NATALYE: "That is not true, Anna Stepanova, and you know it. You have always tried to belittle my intellect, because once, in my first term, I asked you whether N.S. stood for 'Nuff Said. You despise me, and you try to make me appear ridiculous."

ANNA: "Why should I ever try to do anything so unnecessary?"

NATALYE: "I hate you. Gregor Gregorievitch, doesn't Anna Stepanova go about slandering me?"

GREGOR GREGORIEVITCH (*soothingly*): "My dear Natalye! Have a cigarette. And Anna Stepanova? No? They are Abdullas, which (according to the advertisement) are specially designed to deal with crises such as these (*lighting up himself*). They soothe, do they not? And while we are being soothed, let us consider the question raised by Anna Stepanova. How true it is that our petty, personal, daily affairs dwindle into insignificance when we compare them with the history of the world. If we take one century to be equivalent to a second, for instance, then I have calculated that"—

NATALYE: "I know. Anna Stepanova, I hate you no longer. Perhaps you were right. How trivial it all is!"

ANNA: "Yes: in less than one-tenth of a second, on Gregor Gregorievitch's scale, we shall have forgotten this, perhaps even each other. Perhaps we shall both be dead."

NATALYE: "Or married. What a fine mind you have, Anna!"

Enter from card room Fedor Harloffski, excitedly.

FEDOR (*to anyone who is listening*): "My pleasure is ruined! I am thoroughly upset!" (*The nine or ten students who have been sitting or standing, most with their backs to one another, in gloomy silence, since the beginning of the scene, brighten perceptibly.*)

A FAT YOUNG MAN: "Pleasure! Did you come here for pleasure, honoured Fedor! (*laughing*). What an idea! Friends, honoured Fedor Harloffski comes here—among us—expecting pleasure!" (*General amusement.*)

A VERY THIN GIRL: "What is the matter, Fedor Harloffski? Didn't they let you win?"

FEDOR (*sinking down on a chair*): "No, Natya Petrovna, they treated me shamefully. I was going on so nicely—winning all the tricks—when that brute, Stepan Kustin, asked me how I managed to take a trick with the king of trumps, when he still held that card in his hand. I smiled, and said—oh, so softly—'I think, dear Stepan Kustin, you should not have that card. I hope you will play fair.' And then, instead of taking the hint, he—he behaved like a bear, like an Englishman, to me. Oh dear! I am quite upset." (*Weeps.*)

NATYA PETROVNA: "Poor Fedor (*to the others*) He's a little... simple, you know."

THE FAT YOUNG MAN: "Yes, he took Honours. A fine brain—academically speaking."

GREGOR GREGOREIVITCH: "Do not weep, worthy Fedor. In an infinitesimal fraction of a geological epoch you will have forgotten this slight you have received. In a scarcely larger fraction—say, fifty years—you will be dead."

FEDOR: "But I am suffering now! I am alive now!"

GREGOR GREGORIEVITCH (*thoughtfully*): "True. (*Still more thoughtfully.*) A great pity." (*He draws a revolver from his pocket and looks at Fedor, considering.*)

IVAN (*sharply*): "What are you going to do with that revolver, Gregor?"
GREGOR GREGORIEVITCH (*putting it away hastily*): "I was admiring its shape."

IVAN (*sternly*): "You were contemplating shooting Fedor Harloffski."

GREGOR GREGORIEVITCH: "You have a quick and penetrating mind, Ivan. But you are wrong."

IVAN (*staggering*): "Is it possible? Have I been deceived by appearances again!"

OLGA PILITONSKI: "Never mind, Ivan. Isn't it better to be deceived by appearances than to be deceived by non-appearances? When I have taken too much vodka or too much cocaine, I see things that are not there, but I am not deceived by such appearances. On the other hand, I also fail to see things that are there, and so am deceived by non-appearances. At this very moment I can see three large green lizards crawling across your shirt front, Ivan; but I am not deceived by these tricks of vision. At a later stage, I shall be unable to see anything—I shall be 'blind'—and that will be inconvenient. Which reminds me"—(*producing a syringe, she injects cocaine into her arm, while the others watch her.*)

IVAN: "I cannot think that it is good for you to resort so freely to cocaine and vodka, Olga."

OLGA PILITONSKI: "It is the only way in which I can forget myself. That is why I do it."

NATALYE: "That is certainly a very strong inducement."

IVAN: "Is it not strange that, though I want to stop you from injecting cocaine, Olga, I cannot do it? I can't make up my mind to do it. Yet I am always trying—am I not?"

ANNA: "You are—always."

OLGA PILITONSKI: "It is the artistic temperament, Ivan."

FEDOR (*loudly*): "Well, this is a fine way to treat a man who has been cut to the heart! Have you no sympathy? I am trembling and panting still, as if I had run a verst."

NATYA PETROVNA: "And you so a-verse to running, Fedor!" * †

GREGOR GREGORIEVITCH (*yawning*): "Heavens! How bored I am."

IVAN (*to himself*): "I must, and will."

OLGA PILITONSKI: "Must and will what, Ivan? By the way, I now see four lizards crawling over you. And a pink mouse appears to be writhing in agony at Anna Stepanova's feet."

ANNA STEPANOVA (*laughing merrily*): "What an imagination you have, Olga dear!"

* An exquisite example of the delicate wit of this comedy.—EDITOR.

† The worst pun in Russian literature.—TRANS.

IVAN: "If I make up my mind to do something, it must be once and for all. I shall not be able to do it twice."

GREGOR GREGORIEVITCH: "I feel dull and depressed. What is the matter with me?"

NATALYE: "Have you examined your soul?"

GREGOR GREGORIEVITCH: "Not lately."

IVAN: "I will—I *will* rise to the occasion! I will do something decisive! Gregor Gregorievitch—give me your revolver."

GREGOR GREGORIEVITCH: "Certainly, my dear fellow. (*Ivan takes it and goes off. A moment later a report is heard.*) What were we talking about, Natalye Ilitch?"

ANNA STEPANOVA: "What was that report?"

NATYA PETROVNA: "I think they are opening some ginger-beer bottles."
Enter a Maid.

MAID: "Warden's compliments, ladies and gentlemen; and I'm to tell you that the late respected Ivan Konstantinevitch has been and shot himself."

ALL: "What! Ivan shot himself! How strange! Fancy him doing a thing like that! How determined! What a mind! What a sense of humour!"

GREGOR GREGORIEVITCH: "For my part, I think this is a plagiarism. It's happened in other plays. I'm getting tired of it."

OLGA PILITONSKI (*dreamily*): "I can see *six* green lizards on the ceiling..."

CURTAIN.

SIGMA.



THE DEVIL'S PLAYTHING.

Personal note by the writer :—

Just as other stories of strange fact outside the ken of the ordinary person are written, so is this little tale recorded in the full knowledge that the average mind will be sceptical of such things, and that the story will be passed over as a phantasm or as a figment of the imagination. However, I can relate the facts only as they came to me, written by the pitiful figure of the story, in an old college notebook. Their very incompleteness should throw a shade of reality over the story, and give more than a hint of truth.

PEOPLE never saw Roy Quarder between the hours of seven and eight in the evening. Not that it was noticed particularly, or that it mattered much. He was a young man of about 23 years of age, living with his father, a country squire, who had been a widower since Roy was born. The old Manor House, about three miles from the village of Shelford, had been the home of the family for generations. The squire lived a very secluded existence, his whole life being wrapped up in his library—a wonderful collection of books—and in his dogs. An old housekeeper saw to their simple wants. Village curiosity respecting their life had been exhausted a long time, but in the village the fact was gossiped with great unction by the housekeeper that at five minutes to seven every day Roy disappeared into a little room at the top of the house, locking the door behind him. He always stayed in this room until past eight o'clock. This occurred regularly every night, and gave cause to much conjecture among the villagers who had heard about it. The housekeeper tried by all the artifices at her command to get into the room, but it was always locked, and to her was a room of mystery. One evening, about seven o'clock, quite by chance, of course, she was cleaning near the room, and saw Roy open the door. He was quite startled to see her, and hurriedly went in, banging the door behind him, but not before the housekeeper's big black cat had slipped in round the door. The housekeeper was baffled at seeing nothing, and not a little cross to know that her cat was in the room with Roy. She never saw the cat again, and Roy would, or could not tell her anything about it. The day came when Roy went into the room at seven, as always, and he, too, was never seen again. There, as far as the outside world was concerned, the matter ended. It was a mystery—unsolved.

But the explanation lies in the little College notebook, found in the mystery room, sealed in a big envelope, addressed to me, and I here give, for the first time, an account of the terrible and strange things that happened in Roy's last year of life. I can give no explanation of them—why or how they arose. It was just as it was, psychical phenomena of a particularly dangerous and monstrous kind. Why Roy should have been the victim, I cannot tell. Would that he had never lived to experience that terrible time!

* * *

IT was an autumn evening, the sun was setting, and the whole landscape presented a picture that Turner would have loved to paint. Roy, breathing in the fresh evening air, was rambling through the fields. The sound of the village church bell striking seven came to him faintly, carried by the evening breeze. The sun was just set, when suddenly the whole sky was lit up by a brilliant green light, which was reflected by the trees and grass.* As the last stroke of seven died away, a feeling of intense nausea filled him, and, at

* This phenomenon has actually been seen.

the same time, a sensation of being enveloped in a hot stifling atmosphere. It seemed to him that he was held still by some evil influence that he was powerless to combat. He lost consciousness, seeming to drop into a bottomless pit of evil and terror.

Just as suddenly he recovered, and, wondering whether it was all a dream, continued his walk. Then it happened. A cow, chewing the cud and disturbed by his approach, looked at him. Immediately its normal colour changed to a ghastly grey, it ceased to chew the cud, it no longer moved; it was nothing but a perfect model of what it was a moment before! Roy went up to it and touched it. It crumbled where he touched, and fell away in a fine powder. A few kicks, and it was destroyed completely, leaving but a heap of grey powder to be blown away by the wind. A bird flew across his path. It dropped at his feet, a scattered mass of grey powder. Then a dim realisation of the queer happening at seven o'clock came to him. What had he become? He shrank at the thought of it. A modern Gorgon? A Medusa of the twentieth century? He lay in the grass, his head buried in his arms. Eight o'clock struck, and as the sound died away a sense of freedom and a feeling of release from the toils of an invisible bondage came over him. Broken down, he staggered home by a devious route, avoiding all forms of animal life. He reached the rarely used side door of the manor house, and froze in horror to see it opened in front of him by the housekeeper, fully expecting her to change to a cast of her former self, but nothing happened. The housekeeper, noting Roy's startled look, became more convinced than ever that Roy was going mad. Then the dreadful realisation flashed upon him. The power of Medusa was given to him for one hour, that between seven and eight o'clock. Whether it would come again or not, the future alone would tell.

HE awoke next morning feeling that the previous day's experience was but an hallucination. He passed the day much as usual, but dreading the coming of evening. But time stole by, and with the striking of seven o'clock, he experienced the same sensations as on the previous evening. But the moment found him prepared, and he immediately rushed to the little room at the top of the house, and locked himself in until the evil hour had passed, when, for the next 23 hours, he would be a free man again. In this way he avoided all life during those dreadful hours. Nothing untoward happened for the next nine weeks. It is true that his evasions did not appease the housekeeper's curiosity, but what mattered that? The evening came, when, as told above, the housekeeper watched Roy enter the room, and her cat steal in unperceived to Roy. The door was shut, a glance at Roy from the cat, and it became a lifeless image, even as the cow and the bird. This represents the last entry in the notebook, but there is a sequel.

SOME months later I received a letter from the squire, informing me of Roy's death, and requesting a visit from me to the manor. I went. The squire, bowed with grief, gave me the sealed packet, and told me the last details of the terrible story.

Roy disappeared one evening into the little room, as usual, but he never came out again. The door was forced, and there, sitting in one corner of the room on a wooden stool, was a plaster effigy of Roy, holding in his hands a framed engraving of the Greek Gorgon Medusa, her serpent tresses coiled about her head, while standing against the wall was an image of the housekeeper's lost cat. The squire, who had been in Roy's confidence, assumed that the engraving had, in some mysterious manner, possessed for a moment the power of the mythical goddess. But there is a much simpler and more obvious explanation. Roy had looked at his own face reflected in the glass covering the picture!

H. G. B.

TU QUOQUE.

(A tragedy in one act and an epilogue.)

Editor's Note.—All the characters (that is to say, both of them) in this story (or rather scene) are entirely fictitious (or very nearly so).

SCENE.—Any room belonging to any professor in any University College in the South of England.

TIME: The present or possibly the future.

THE curtain rising reveals the Professor at work at his table. He is a slight, frail man, made to look more imposing with the aid of a gown, a pair of spectacles, and a cap reposing on a pile of musty papers at his side. The correct place for the cap, you must understand, is on the bald, domed forehead of the Professor, but we are privileged to catch him *en négligé* as it were. The table is littered with important communications from the Board, while Forms 20 T.C. and type-written testimonials, all awaiting signature, vie with each other in obscuring sundry uninviting essays and book lists.

The Professor writes busily.

There is a knock at the door.

PROFESSOR: "Come in."
(*He rapidly dons his cap.*)

Enter a Student without a gown, but with a nonchalant air. He is obviously very fresh.

The Professor continues to write hurriedly, without taking any notice of the Student. He has two reasons for doing this. First, in order to impress the Student with his busy life; and, secondly, to make the Student a little ill at ease.

The Student looks at the pictures. They are dull. Then he looks at the Professor, and finds him equally uninspiring; so he sits down and waits. At the noise of his sitting, the Professor looks up.

Prof: "I don't remember asking you to sit down."

Student (gracefully): "Oh, don't mention it. I'll overlook the omission."

This reply rather nonplusses the Professor. He has not a strong sense of humour, and so is torn between a desire to be angry and a wish to be benevolent. Finally, pitying the ignorance and freshness of the young man, his compassion prevails, and he smiles.

Prof.: "Well, Mr. Anyone, I've had one or two sewious weports from your lectuwers. It appears that you have been cutting a large number of lectures.

(R's rather bother the Professor, unless he r-r-r-really attacks them; but as they look so vewy curvius in pwint, we must take them for granted in future.)

The Student is silent.

Prof.: "Well, what is your explanation?"

Stu.: "Nothing, sir."

Prof.: "Nothing! But don't you realise how vewy sewious (*the temptation was too strong*) this is?"

Stu.: "Serious? In what way?"

Prof. (very gently and leaning forward confidently): "You have an examination at the end of the year."

Stu. : "Exactly. That's why I'm cutting lecs."

The Professor is astounded. He leans back, puts his hands together, draws a deep breath, and then launches forth, bobbing his head at every other word, shooting his finger out, and gradually coming nearer and nearer the Student and the edge of his chair, gabbling furiously all the time.

Prof. : "But, my dear Anyone, that is surely suicidal. We had far too large a crop of failures last year among students following your course. It does not reflect well on the College. So, in self-defence, as well as for your own sake, we have added another three lectures a week, and reduced the risk of failure to a minimum. It is imperative that you attend all lectures."

He ends just in time to prevent a catastrophe, and sinks back once again into his chair, smiling benignly.

Stu. (musingly) : "So the poor beggars had twenty-four lecs. a week. No wonder they failed" (*turning to Professor*).

"Last year, then, I take it, my fellow students were herded to five or six lectures a day, and failed their exams. So to cure the malady, you propose to increase the dose of poisoning. It is not fair. It is fair neither to the students, who drag listlessly from lecture to lecture, waiting for the bell to bring them release, nor to the lecturers. They, poor devils, rarely get time to prepare their work, but turn out the same pitiful balderdash year after year. No lecturer should have more than ten lectures a week. In that time he may find something to say. As it is, he says nothing. He says it badly, and takes twenty-four lectures in which to say it. Lectures should be bright and stimulating, and, like all stimulants, should be taken rarely. I find most of them narcotics, and therefore avoid them."

(The Professor digests this slowly. He realises that there is something in it, but is unwilling to capitulate. He seeks for objections, and, after some difficulty, finds one.)

Prof. : "There may be a good deal in what you say, but what about the syllabus? It must be covered."

Stu. : "A syllabus is not meant to be covered. If the external examiners had a suspicion that you were covering the syllabus, they would immediately extend its range. Any decent examination searches out your knowledge, not your ignorance. Moreover, examinations are not the only thing in life."

Prof. : "They should be for you at your present stage."

(A pause.)

"You know I still think you ought to attend all lectures, in spite of what you have said, even if you only get 1% from them."

Stu. : "Why should I, when I can get 95% from a book or conversation?"

Prof. : "Ah! What does Matthew x say on that subject?"

Stu. : "I'm afraid I don't know, sir."

Prof. : "Well, go and read it, and meditate upon it. I'm afraid I cannot spare any more time, as I have an appointment at 11. Good morning."

The Student rises and goes to the door, knowing that nothing has been decided. He is a little worried, really; but then he is so very young, and prone to take life seriously. As he pauses, with his hand on the door knob, the Professor fires a parting shot.

Prof.: "Oh, Mr. Anyone. It is a rule of the College that, on all official interviews, academic dress must be worn. Kindly respect that rule in future."

And with this Pyrrhic victory, the Professor retires satisfied to his work again as the curtain falls.

EPILOGUE.

Time-table, 1926-7, of a Student following Group B.

	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	SUNDAY.
7-8	English	Dialectic	English	Any old Method	Physics	English	
9-10	Chinese	Special M.	Maths.	Advanced Swahili	G.T.	Practice of Humbug	G.T.
10-11	G.T.	Theory of Cane Wielding	Theological Chemistry	History	History	Drawing	
11-12	Psychology	Crits.	G.T.	General Method	Physics		
12-1	Rotology	Theory of Humbug	Nunn	Crits.	Hygiene		Special Method
2-3	Advanced Swahili	P.T.		Chinese	Joshua		
3-4	Maths.	Maths.	Right Use of Leisure	P.T.	Nunn		
4-5	Theory of P.T.	Phonetics		Music	Music		

CLIO.



BENEDICTO BENEDICATUR.

Being three short scenes from an epic-drama, called "This Comic Universe," which, like Mr. Chesterton's romance, "is not yet written, and probably never will be."

SCENE I.

THE scene is one of unrelieved gloom, except when flashes of lightning momentarily illumine the S.S. "Flamborough." When one of these meteorological fifth of November displays occur, as not infrequently they do, a figure is observed clinging pathetically to the rail of the lower boat deck. It is the Rev. G. Cutland, a soft, flabby man, too large for a Stoneham table. The careful solicitude of Dame Nature for her electric light bill does not permit us to examine him closely—a deprivation which need not bother us very much, as the Rev. G. Cutland is a very ordinary sort of man, whose like is to be seen every day of this dusty life. The only noteworthy feature possessed by George, as he permitted, nay, desired, his bosom pals to call him, was a certain curious quality which I reluctantly term "succulence."

GEORGE (speaking in a voice which is, I believe, traditionally termed "fruity"): "Heavens! What a storm. The Lord God in Heaven above send that we come through this night alive."

(He prays.) O God! Out of Thy infinite loving-kindness, and that tender mercy which Thou hast never failed to show to this miserable servant of Thine, I pray that Thou mayest see fit to spare a miserable sinner, that he may carry Thy Name to the heathen who knows not Thy Beneficent Will. Amen! Amen!

There is an immediate answer, for this last Amen, which in other and more kindly surroundings was wont to die away in a silence of awed satisfaction, is greeted on this occasion with a man-terrifying clap of thunder, and that larger wave, which had been waiting for æons down the long corridor of time for the Rev. G. Cutland, takes him in its choking embrace, and draws him down to another world, albeit, not the world the reverend gentleman had been led to expect.

SCENE II.

IMAGINE a scene like those submarine "landscapes," painted by Mr. Zarh Pritchard. The darkness is not so intense as might be expected, and we may discern seapens and supremely graceful sea-lilies, swaying gently from the bases in the ooze. Ruddy crustaceans, with still-like limbs and far-reaching feelers, prowl stealthily about this under-water world. Fantastic fishes, one of them lit up like an ocean liner at dinner time, swim slowly across the line of vision.

Then, descending in a majestic fashion, although in an inverted position, comes the Rev. G. Cutland to settle in what, in his normal environment, would have been a very uncomfortable resting place—a flat ledge against the opening of a rock-tunnel. A number of crabs emerge. At the sight of this unexpected "succulent" feast, their footstalk mounted eyes move rapidly, there is some complicated business with their antennæ, and at once, by the aid of their powerful chelæ and sharp cutting jaws, they begin the disintegration of the reverend gentleman.

Dumb Show. The Feast of the Crabs.

Satiated, the crabs draw back, and, as the Spirit of the Earth very kindly consents to the entreaties of the Spirit of the Pitiees, we hear the following Crab conversation, which has, you will observe, pronounced "brachyuramorphic" tendencies.

1ST CRAB: "There crawleth One who crawled ere oceans were begun, immense, of crab-like form and mind, and under that Almighty Claw, the littlest Crab may enter in."

2nd Crab: "You do right, young Crab, to remember your Creator. Let us acknowledge the peculiar care of Providence, and here with the evidence of His goodness to Crabkind before us, give amphibious thanks."

(It prays.) "O God! Thou art very good, for Thou hast made our jaws exceeding sharp, and soft, so soft, the succulent flesh, which, out of Thy boundless loving kindness, Thou sendest down to us from on high."

Chorus of Crabs: "We give Thee amphibious thanks."

SCENE III.

A N ugly, fidgety room, of no particular period, unless it be described as Victorian-Edwardian-Georgian, for it contains, not without loud and permanent protest, the results of the furnishing proclivities of several generations. The table is laid with tea for two, the principal item on the menu being crab salad. Changed as they are, there seems to be something familiar about these crabs. Seated at one end of the table is Mrs. Cutland, a perfect proof of Schopenhauer's neutralisation theory, for she is as thin as he was fat. The recent drowning of her husband, who had bored her for many years, has turned her mind more resolutely than ever to the observance of the proprieties, and as the scene opens, we hear her impressing upon her daughter, Lizzie, the necessity of Grace before meat.

MRS. CUTLAND (sharply): "Lizzie! You are not to commence yet. We haven't had Grace."

(Endeavouring to infuse a little softness into a tongue habitually hard.) "It is ungrateful not to remember the dear God who gives us food to eat."

Lizzie: "Forwhatweareabouttoreceive, the Lordmakeustrulythankful."



SANS BAS.

I LITERALLY turned a hair. I say literally, because, on the following morning, Jane, both firmly and gently, pulled it out. Now you must know that Jane is my wife, and that I say this without any malice, because she has been my wife for so long that I am, so to speak, used to the idea. The point about her being my wife is that Aunt Ada, being her aunt, bears a similar relation to me, although, strictly speaking, I would much rather she didn't. Aunt Ada is one of those unnatural people whom one never sees in the slightest degree déshabille. If I can explain it so, she would not even come down without her brooch... aunt of the Victorian era, correct style.

I am a hard, cold person, or I should say she loved me dearly—Jane, I mean—and that is why, observing the silver streak over my right temple, she both firmly and gently pulled it out.

"George," she murmured across the bacon, "I'm afraid your office chair is too hard."

Being manly, I denied that a hard chair turned a hair grey, and that, if you don't mind the expression, put the cap on it. You see Jane is logical, "And so," she said, "there must be some other reason."

"TELL me what has given you a shock, George."

I decided on honesty.

"Well," I said, "I couldn't really help it—"

"George, I want the truth."
 "I am," I said, but she ignored the metaphor.
 "It was only by chance that I happened to be going upstairs just then—"
 "Whose stairs?"
 "Why, our stairs, of course."
 "Oh, ours? Go on," she said, rather disappointedly, I thought.
 "Well, you see, it was like this. I was just on a sort of level with
 the landing—"
 "What were you?"
 "I say, I was on a level with the landing, and I couldn't help noticing it—"
 "Noticing what?"
 "I'm just coming to that," I said. "Her feet, I mean."
 "WHOSE FEET?"

I WILL cut the long story short. Of course, if you knew the Aunt Ada, you would understand; you would perceive the all; you would see why that hair turned. No, no. It is not that I am narrow minded. . . . ABOE.



WHO IS IT SITS ON THE BOARD?

Extract from "The Telegraph," February 18th, 1926.

"Lord Gorell . . . sought, without success, in the House of Lords yesterday to get the House to pass a motion, urging the appointment of 'a small Council, to be known as the Board of Education,' to advise the Education Minister in the interests of continuity and efficiency in education. . . ." *The motion was negatived without a division.*

(Air: "All things bright and beautiful.")

Chorus. **I** F for all things bright and beautiful,
 The time we can't afford,
 And the Board is taking a serious view,
 WHO IS IT SITS ON THE BOARD?

Now, hush! And I will tell you
 The general impression:
 The Board consists of aged men,
 Who have a strange obsession.

*That all things bright and beautiful,
 Must weally be eschewed;
 That the student is a sober lad,
 With love of swot imbued.*

BUT someone whispered to me
 (Don't let it get about)
 That the Board were young and hearty,
 Some lads without a doubt!

*Then all things bright and beautiful,
 Who warm the radiators
 The Board should simply love to see—
 Instead, the Board just hate us!*

S O I've been thinking deeply,
 And this is my conjecture :
 The Board is not a Board at all—
 'Tis a retired inspector.

*And all things bright and beautiful,
 He hates because he's old ;
 His teeth drop out, his beard is gray,
 He's deaf, his feet are cold.*

The Hartley Institute, we know,
 Is flourishing and fine.
 Why, then, beneath an unkind Board
 Must wretched Normals pine ?

*And all things bright and beautiful
 Must beam on stony hearts.
 The Normal takes his gloomy way,
 Untouched by Cupid's darts.*

I met a man the other day,
 His face was drawn and lined ;
 Aged seventeen, he'd passed Inter.,
 But failed in Ed., I find.

*And some things bright and beautiful
 He will not see again ;
 To-morrow he will leave for good
 This place of grief and pain.*

O cruel Board ! That thus behaves
 And breaks young, happy hearts ;
 When of your many crimes I think,
 This is the thing that smarts :

*That students bright and beautiful,
 To Whitehall bow in thrall,*

*Where the mythical Board continues to sit,
 AND NOBODY SITS THERE AT ALL !*



CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor, the Magazine.

Dear Sir,

As the present seems to be a formative period for many College institutions, not least of which is the Mag., might I suggest that its transformation be made complete by the adoption of a suitable title. Doubtless, among your readers, some inspiration will arise which will obviate the necessity of referring in future to the Southampton University College Magazine, a title which is neither concise nor euphonious, and which we hope will not always be significant.

Yours sincerely,

A READER.

[We are always open to suggestions with regard to the above, although such a change, if made, would preferably be effected at the commencement of a new volume. For the interest and possible benefit of our successor, we are prepared to draw up a list of all possible titles offered.—ED.]



HIGHFIELD HALL.

IT is with somewhat of a shock that we realise this term to be far advanced, and a report of our activities already expected.

As usual, we have been busily engaged in various directions, the chief of which have been table tennis, and the S.C.M. Finance Week. Interest in table tennis has been very marked, and the tournament which has just been brought to a close proved very attractive. We are looking forward to a keen match *versus* South Stoneham House in the near future.

Finance Week has aroused everyone. Money-making methods which have been devised have been extraordinary. We enjoyed fun, but are glad for the sake of our pockets that it is over. The hockey matches played in fancy dress before breakfast were exciting, but it was a pity to think that "Moral Worth" should lose to "Superficial Frivolity!" We hope the visitors and spectators enjoyed the games as much as the players.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our very sincere thanks to Mr. Moyle for his valued suggestion and help with the footlights, which contributed so much to the success of our play, on the occasion of the visit of South Stoneham House Seniors.

This term we have played two hockey matches against South Hill. The first was drawn, 1—1, and the second we won, 1—0.

We spent a very pleasant evening at South Stoneham House early in the term, and thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment which was given us, especially the dramatic work, which, although very gruesome, did not disturb our rest that night. We should like to thank some of our friends at South Stoneham House who entertained us at a very enjoyable *the chantant* during Finance Week. It was thoroughly appreciated by all, and, as the visitors know, we were sorry when it was over.

On the whole, the term has been very jolly—we hope next term will be jolly, too, in spite of examinations.

M. E. B.

SOUTH HILL.

THE Easter Term, as usual, has been one of much mud and more work; the former, at any rate, being a permanent institution. Nevertheless, we hope that in the future both may be remedied, the one when the new reservoir attracts the water supply in the right direction, and the other when the possible fine weather brings respite to the "pickers-up of learning's crumbs."

Moreover, the rumoured advent of a new Hall, to which our apple trees and our peaceful solitude are to be sacrificed, may, we hope, bring about the conversion of our "Z" road into one of the "A" type.

In spite of the present watery hindrance, our social activities have not been curtailed. We entertained some members of Staff and the South Stoneham Juniors at a Social a few weeks ago, and we are looking forward to our visit to South Stoneham House shortly.

Our efforts at sport, although not so successful, have been no less enjoyable. Highfield Hall defeated us at hockey by one goal, after a strenuous game, and we also lost at netball to Montefiore House by 4—5 goals. We hope to regain our laurels at tennis and cricket next term, but at present all our energy is concentrated upon surviving the rigours of Finance Week, a noble institution for people capable of both financial and physical endurance.

The Easter Term is in theory the one in which our academic responsibilities receive fullest consideration. We trust that even at this late date some of our fleeting moments may be given with noble resignation to averting the tragic possibility of neglected opportunity.

K. N. L.

MONTEFIORE HOUSE.

THIS term we have really felt ourselves to be a united body, and already it has made a great difference. For the first time we seem to be playing a definite part in College activities, as on the occasion of the Debate, when some of our members had the pleasure of putting up a visitor over the week-end, shewing that home dwellers have some privileges denied to them that dwell in hostels. We take this opportunity of welcoming "The House Without a Name," and hope we shall be able to work side by side with them in many ways.

Just at present all our energies are being concentrated on Finance Week. One heroine gathers daffodils, looking neither to the right nor to the left (so as not to see undesirable notice-boards); another sells cigarettes, bravely ignoring unnecessary laws about licences; others yet, with reverent hands, patch and darn the robes of the dwellers on Olympus.

The netball team continues to distinguish itself in the field, and the number of our members in the College team fills us with joyful pride.

P. B. H.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

THE last week of last term had, for us, a distinct atmosphere of Christmas. For the first time since the opening of the House we held a Carol Service in South Stoneham Church; it was well attended. Then we spent the last two evenings of the term singing carols in the main streets of the town, and are proud of having raised, with the assistance of some Russell men, the sum of £24 7s. 10d. for the Children's Hospital.

We returned in January to find Southampton under snow, and some of our number (and there were North-countrymen among them) were so pleased that a strict rule against indoor snow fights had to be enforced. This term is, of course, recognised as the working term, but social activities have not suffered particularly. Our Annual Fancy Dress Dinner took place at the end of the first week, and was as great a success as ever; we had a full time in more respects than one. Our indoor games still go on apace, and, at the time of writing, billiards, ping-pong,

and chess tournaments are all at the half-way stage. On February 13th we were entertained by the ladies' hostels; Seniors at Highfield Hall, Juniors at South Hill, and a very pleasant evening was spent in each case. On behalf of the Seniors we must offer very hearty congratulations to the residents of Highfield Hall on their splendid performance of "Lilies of the Field." On February 27th we entertained the residents of South Hill, and, as is usual on such occasions, found time all too short. Now we are preparing an entertainment for our domestic staff, and this bids fair to be a success.

We were very pleased to be able to display our House to delegates from other colleges and universities on the occasion of the Inter-Varsity Debate, and to some of the Hungarian students touring this country. We are quite sure our visitors were favourably impressed.

H. J. T.

RUSSELL HOUSE.

AT long last the enthusiastic efforts of a few pioneer spirits, helped by the active co-operation of the great majority, have borne good fruit, and we, the Town Men, exist as a corporate body. Congratulations to all who have helped to make this possible, and, above all, to Mr. Farrell, whose name posterity will surely cherish as the Founder of Russell House!

Let us not now imagine that with the formation of the House our work is ended, and that the time has arrived for us to rest upon our laurels, to look back upon our work with pride, and, patting ourselves on the back, "with short-sighted presumption promise ourselves immortality." Lethargy in the past has delayed the birth of our organisation: it is for us and our successors to prevent it ever bringing to nought what has now been accomplished.

The choice of our Warden has proved universally popular, and our heartiest thanks are due to Mr. Dudley for accepting the position, which we sincerely trust he will find by no means an unpleasant one.

As Russell House we have not yet "functioned," but as "The House Without a Name" we entertained Montefiore House early in the term, when Room I was the scene of a very enjoyable evening.

W. O. R.

THE PLAY READING CLUB.

WE began this term with an ambitious programme. At the time of writing the programme is nearly completed. Whether we are to be congratulated or whether we are to be contemned still remains for the Committee a matter of conjecture; the club members seem strangely apathetic with censure or praise. We have sugared Uncle Vanya with the Farmer's Wife and Hay Fever. The pill was accepted docilely, but the intellectual biliousness which we hoped would appear has not been forthcoming as yet. In all seriousness we would welcome criticism and suggestion from any source, for it is only through the interplay of ideas that the Club can forge ahead. If you leave things entirely to your committee you will stagnate, and that way failure lies. Moreover, it is your subscriptions, or it would be if you paid them, that we squander. If the living provided is not riotous the remedy rests in your hands.

T. W. S.

SOIRÉE.

SINCE the last report there have been two Soirées, on December 12th and on February 6th. The first exists rather in the dim past, but we have fresher memories of the second—the Inter-Varsity Dance. The Hall was crowded as never before, nearly 250 people being present. Whether or not it was a “Garden of Flowers” is a matter of opinion. Obviously there was not room for everyone to sit down between dances, but it was surprising to find that even the more remote parts of the College were brought into service for sitting out.

Programmes and delegates were a prominent feature of the dance; we were glad to have the latter, but as to the former, well—once again it is a matter of opinion.

A. M. B.

S. C. M.

THIS term has again been a very busy one. Our first meeting was a tea-time Talk and Discussion on January 20th, when Mr. S. Crawford, M.A., B.Litt., Lecturer in English, gave an interesting exposition on “Inspiration,” this being followed by a very lively discussion. Our second meeting of this kind is taking place on Thursday, March 4th, when we anticipate an enjoyable time, for the Rev. A. S. McDowall, Chaplain and Science Master at Winchester College, is coming to talk to us on “Science and Religion.”

We have had no lunch-hour meetings so far this term, but the Rev. Bernard Hancock is coming down on March 11th, and those who have heard him once are keenly anxious to hear him again.

Two delegates from this College, Miss Manhire and Mr. Mills, represented us at the big London Missionary Convention at the end of January, and their report, which they gave one dinner-hour, proved extremely interesting.

Finance Week, February 21st—28th, has been the main item this term, and although it proved very entertaining and useful in many respects, we are not sorry it is over, for our pockets have suffered badly. It commenced on Sunday, February 21st, which was a Universal Day of Prayer for Students. We held a special service in the Avenue Congregational Church, which the Rev. Hartley Holloway kindly conducted for us. It was well attended, and apparently thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present. Enthusiasm and energy were apparent on all sides during the week. Each Hostel arranged its own activities, and in addition to this, six of the men gave an extremely enjoyable *thé chantant* at Highfield Hall on the Wednesday. We should like to thank them for their help. We should also like to express our thanks to the P.R.C. for so kindly helping us by rendering “Five Birds in a Cage,” on Tuesday dinner-hour, and also to thank those who took part in Thursday’s enjoyable concert. Results are extremely gratifying, over £20 having been raised. Montefiore House are to be especially congratulated on having collected £6 10s. 0d.

We thank you all for your hearty support.

K. E. W.

N. U. S.

THE N.U.S. has been unique among the College Committees in arranging no big meeting this term. Nevertheless, in its general work it has been more active than ever.

The welcome which was given to the South African students on December

28th was well supported, in spite of the fact that so many people were out of town for the vacation. Our thanks are due to the Principal and all those who turned up to give their assistance, while we are indebted to the College Council for enabling us to offer the party light refreshments. The death in Holland of one of the members of the tour, rendered inappropriate the send-off which we had planned for February 12th. However, the College was represented by the Students' Council at the luncheon, which the Mayor kindly provided, before the boat sailed. Those of us who were enabled to see something of the arrangements made by the N.U.S. Travel Department, working under the C.I.E., in connection with this tour, realise more than ever the scope and efficiency of our National Union, which is yet only four years old.

We are pleased to be able to take part in offering hospitality to the six Hungarian students visiting England. Mr. Vegh attended our Inter-Varsity Debate, and we are expecting two more of the party on February 27th, for the week-end.

The Swansea Executive Meeting of the N.U.S. was attended by the Secretary. Among the many items of general interest which were dealt with was the discussion of Insurance Schemes for Students against Fire (scheme already available), Sickness, and Accident, and Loss of Examination Fees through Failure.

Preparations for the Cambridge Congress, which nineteen of our Students are attending, include the acceptance of Viscount Ullswater to act as Speaker in the Parliament, and the securing of many other prominent people to address sectional meetings.

It was decided to call a conference next September to discuss, with the experts, the whole question of "The Relations of the Universities to Social Service." In this connection it is gratifying to note the success of the boys' club which has been started by our own men under the leadership of Mr. H. R. Mills.

The Tours Secretary, Mr. A. M. Ward, will be glad to know of any Student desiring information from the N.U.S. Travel Department regarding foreign travel, while the Sub-Editor of the "University," Mr. A. S. T. Hunt, hopes for a good sale of this term's issue of the N.U.S. Magazine.

M. I. B.

THE CHORAL & ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

WHAT are the three Cs? At the time of writing it is a mystery. At the time of publication, it will be, let us hope, a happy memory. It will be the first time that a concert composed of items sprung from within the College has been given. We hope that such a concert will become an annual affair, thus providing a wonderful opportunity for our budding composers.

The Choral Society has been working behind closed doors, vigorously preparing for an extempore production (the phrase is original) of the comic opera, "The Pirates of Penzance." It is too early to prophesy success or non-success, but in any case it will be very entertaining.

Meanwhile, the Orchestral Society has not been idle. The music supplied by them prior to the commencement of the Inter-Varsity Debate was much appreciated. We only regret the various difficulties that prevented it from being broadcasted. The orchestra, too, supplied the 17th century music that accompanied Molière's play, "Le Médecin malgré lui," at a Soirée théâtrale held by the Alliance Française at the Kingsway Hall. Energetic practices of the opera music are now taking place.

Altogether we shall have had a busy term, but, thanks to the untiring efforts of everybody concerned, we hope that ends will have justified the means.

H. G. B.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

OUR activities this term started with a visit to the docks of 22nd February, to inspect the new motor vessel, "Asturias." This visit, as the number of members present showed, was of exceptional interest, the "Asturias" being the largest motor ship in the world. An interesting feature was the prohibition of note books in the engine room. However, it was possible to glean some information from the reticent engine-room staff, and the two hours on board passed all too quickly.

On the 23rd February we had a lecture by Mr. W. H. Connell (of Messrs. Cooke, Troughton, and Simms), on "Recent Improvements in the Design and Construction of Surveying Instruments."

Mr. Connell exhibited what must be the finest collection of surveying instruments ever seen in the College, and he used these to great advantage in explaining points in his lecture. It is impossible to do justice in these notes to the lecture itself, but we left convinced that British manufacturers can not only hold their own with foreign competitors, but actually lead the world in this class of work.

We take this opportunity of thanking the Geographical Society for their kind invitation for March 7th, when Mr. Wentworth Shields will read a paper on "Dock Building at Southampton and its Geological Troubles," a subject which must appeal to Engineers no less than to Geography students.

On March 5th D. Halton Thompson, Esq., the assistant Water Works engineer of Portsmouth, will read a paper on "Water and Water Power," and before the end of the session we shall have lectures by two members of the staff, Mr. Chester and Mr. Glover James. More visits are being arranged for the Summer term when the General Meeting will also take place.

SCI. SOC.

OWING to a slight delay in resuming activities this term, the Society has, at the time of writing, met only twice, but this has been discounted by the interest shown in the meetings.

At the first, another talk was given by a student: Mr. T. Kelly spoke on "The Structure of Atoms," and the evidence on which this is based was well shown, including Bohr's brilliant mathematic work. The talk was followed by a lively discussion, in which the incompatibility of the physicists' and chemists' atoms was touched on. In the unavoidable absence of Prof. Watkin, the chair was taken by Mr. L. G. Carpenter.

At the next meeting Mr. R. M. Gabriel gave a talk on "Probability." It was shown that one must ascribe to chance the cause of a phenomenon not covered by laws so far discovered. In practice one couldn't always discover these laws without neglecting an immense number of facts which might, or might not, be relevant, yet, in some way, these neglected factors and errors balanced very often, and in physics especially led to very successful generalisations.

The talk led to considerable discussion, in which Prof. Watkin cited amusing examples of neglected factors in such cases.

In the course of the term lectures will be given by Mr. A. E. Clarence-Smith, and by another student, on photographic and physical subjects, respectively.

D. E. L.

U. C. S. CHESS CLUB.

THE game of chess has been revived recently as a popular game in the M.C.R., and it was an agreeable surprise to see the sets provided being used for the game of chess, and not for draughts nor as missiles.

The Coll. team has plodded steadily along in the Southampton Chess League, and there is a possibility that we shall retain the championship shield. In order to do so we must win our remaining matches, and owing to the fact that we have yet to meet two strong teams, Eastleigh R.I., and the Old Tauntonians, our task is not at all easy.

Line and Woodland have continued their good play, while A. D. Usher (N---y), our latest recruit, has done well at board 6.

We lost badly to Taunton's School "A," but did well to beat the Old Tauntonians.

RESULTS OF MATCHES PLAYED (since last issue of Mag.).

v. Brotherhood	Home	...	5 — 1
v. Old Tauntonians	Away	...	3½ — 2½
v. Taunton's "A"	"	...	1½ — 4½
v. Customs and Excise	"	...	4 — 2
v. Y.M.C.A.	"	...	2 — 4
v. O.S.O.	"	...	5 — 1
v. Taunton's "B"	"	...	5½ — ½

INDIVIDUAL RECORDS.

		Board.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	
F. A. Sanders	I	II	3	3	5
B. A. Line	2	14	9	3	2
K. L. Woodland	3	14	II	2	I
H. F. Evans	4 & 5	9	7	2	0
W. J. Hull	4 & 5	14	9	2	3
A. F. Clarke	5 & 6	10	5	4	I
I. J. Bunney	6	5	2	3	0
A. D. Usher	6	4	3	I	0

F. A. S.



RUGGER.

WE can only offer record of seven matches since the writing of our last notes. Bad weather and various other misfortunes, over which we have no control, have together caused the scratching of no less than five matches. In those games we have been permitted to play we have given a reasonable account of ourselves. We have won four, against Old Edwardians, H.M.S. "Fisgard," R.A.F., Flowerdown, and Peter Symond's School, and lost against Exeter and Bournemouth twice.

Our losing matches were, however, the more notable. At Bournemouth, in December, we were defeated to the tune of 35—5, but reduced the deficit to 7—0 in the return match. The Exeter game was very strenuously fought. In the first quarter-of-an-hour we had all the play, and were 3 points up when our captain, Hopkins, had to retire from the game with a knee injury. At half-time we were level at 3—3, and the final score, after a terrific second half, was 15—3. We now have four fixtures to fulfil, and hope our final record will be favourable.

We have been fortunate in having, to date, no serious injuries apart from Hopkins', and, as a whole, the team has been playing well. Though, as usual, lacking weight, the forwards pack well, and have proved quite able to hold their own in the loose. Outside the scrum we have a set of good defenders, but the passing of the three's lacks that speed which makes attack really thrustful. We are of opinion, however, that the team is the best representing Coll. we have had for some years, and the season has, on the whole, been very enjoyable.

We should like to tender our sincere thanks to Mr. Glover James for his advice and services with the whistle, Messrs. Barfoot and Faulkner for reporting our games in local papers, and those who have turned out on the line to give us a helping cheer.

H. J. T.

SOCCER.

FROM the point of view of the Soccer Club, this term has been one of misfortunes and disappointments, the one pleasing feature being the display against Exeter. Our troubles may be classed under two headings, inability of a number of our players to play for us, and inability of a number of our opponents to play against us. The players kept out of the teams by injuries include E. J. Wright, C. E. Chard, and J. C. Lynham. As last year, Wright was so seriously injured that he found it necessary to resign the captaincy, and the team is undoubtedly weakened by his absence. W. H. Kelley has, fortunately, proved a very capable leader, assisted by Chard as Vice-Captain.

Of nine matches arranged to be played in January and February, six have been scratched, only one, however, by us. The three games played resulted in two wins and a draw. Against White Star F.C., on Pirrie Park, we won a very hard game by 3—2. The ground was sodden, and rain fell throughout. Coll. started strongly, and two goals were scored in the opening five minutes by Schärer and Knott. Our opponents equalised in the second half, and a goal by Benton near the end decided the match in our favour. The second match was against Woolston Wednesday, a strong Wednesday League team. The sides were evenly matched, but Coll. just held the upper hand, and finished winners by 4—3. The scorers were Woodland, Jewell, Knight, and Schärer.

The team against Exeter was theoretically weaker than that which lost at Exeter last term; nevertheless, we succeeded in forcing a draw. A surprise attack, and a smart shot from the visiting inside-right, put us a goal down in the first minute, and it was not until the second half that Woodland equalised, after the goalkeeper had been drawn out of goal. Shortly afterwards we obtained the lead as the result of a fine individual effort by Schärer. Exeter, however, attacked persistently, and a weak clearance finally enabled the inside-left to put them level. The result was :—U.C.S. 2; Exeter 2.

Under the captaincy of E. Webb the second eleven has begun to show improvement this term. The first match, against Taunton's School, was lost 11—1, but since then a change for the better has taken place. Playing with ten men against the Fellowship of St. Andrews, the team showed to advantage, and lost by only five goals. The next match, against Cunard Sports, was drawn 1—1. Many thanks are due to those who have supported the second team this season, and it is to be hoped that better luck is in store for them.

K. L. W.

MEN'S HOCKEY.

WE report another fairly successful season, as the record shows :—Played, 17; won, 11; drew, 3; lost, 3. Goals for, 67; against, 25. Again, this term, three of our opponents cancelled matches, much to our regret, and this brings the total to eight for the season!

After a moderate start last term, we have had an unbroken run of success this term, winning all 9 games played—goals for, 46; against, 8. This speaks well, for both attack and defence. Prominent in the former are the three inside forwards—Edwards, Keates, and Jones—who, as the record of goal scorers shows, have been very busy. Collihole, Royle, and Brandt, in the defence, have played well, our opponents having scored only 8 goals against us this term. The half-back line—Wright, Farrell, and Mr. Sinclair—has been the backbone of the team, and the absence of Farrell—our "pivot" and captain—was keenly felt on two occasions.

Our greatest achievement was defeating Exeter by 6—0, although it must be admitted that our opponents were not at full strength. We heartily congratulate the three members of the team who were selected for the Hants "A" team just recently, viz., Farrell, Collihole, and Keates. They gave a very good account of themselves at Aldershot, and we hope that further success awaits them next season.

GOAL SCORERS.—Keates (19), Jones (19), Edwards (16), Hales (6), Grindel (3), Farrell (2), Heasell (1), Wood (1).

NETBALL CLUB.

COMPARED with last term, we are able to make a very favourable report, both as regards outside matches and the general interest within the club. Looking back over the season we realise that play has improved considerably—the results of our matches bear witness. The first team has lost only one match this term, and although the second team has not been quite so successful, we believe the games have been enjoyed and well contested. Results to date are as follow:—

Bristol University	1st team	...	lost	22—14
St. Anne's Convent	1st team	...	won	14—4
			2nd team	...	lost	11—3
Basingstoke High School	1st team	...	won	19—13
			2nd team	...	won	10—9
Reading University	1st team	...	won	18—9
			2nd team	...	lost	10—5
Exeter University College	1st team	...	won	25—14

We particularly enjoyed our games with Exeter and Reading, and are looking forward to the return games at Reading on March 3rd.

The inter-faculty matches have begun, the first game being between Normals and Science—Normals won. There has been an inter-hall match between South Hill and Montefiore House, the latter winning by one goal. We hope to arrange later in the term an Oxford v. Cambridge game.

This is the last report of the season, and in many respects we are sorry that it is. To next year's club we wish a season as enjoyable and even more successful than ours has been.

M. E. B.

CRICKET.

SOCCER and Rugger have had their day—the time has now arrived for the opening of the tomb in which bats, pads, and gloves have reposed during the past months.

The fixtures for the first eleven are now complete, those for the second team are rapidly drawing to completion.

A heavy programme is before us—so what about getting that arm out of its stiffness, or the eye accustomed to that very much smaller object, before the first week of next term? Practice matches will be held on April 28th and May 1st—it is hoped that the latter will be well attended, in spite of the lure of Sport's Day!

Watch the notice board during the first week of next term for further notices—and what about the roller?

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